



DIRTY LAUNDRY









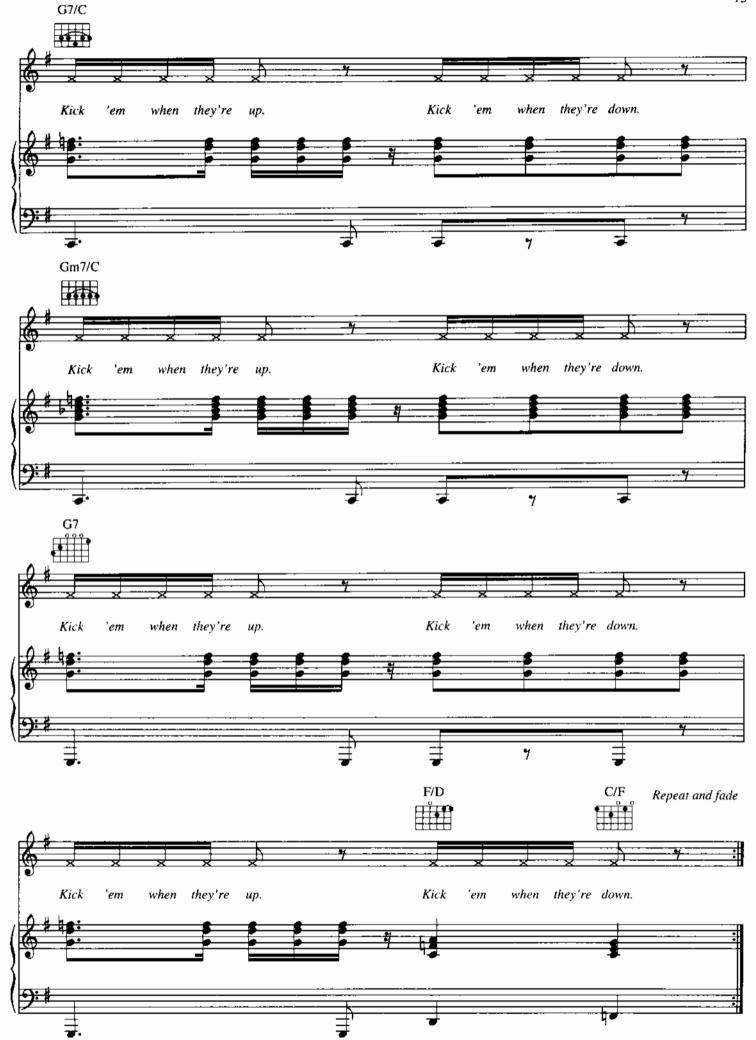








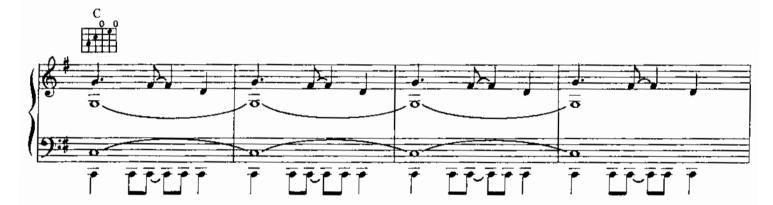


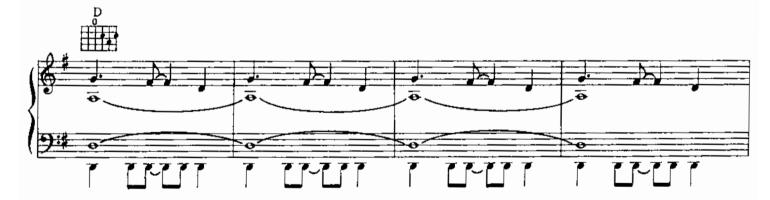


THE BOYS OF SUMMER

Words and Music by DON HENLEY and MIKE CAMPBELL







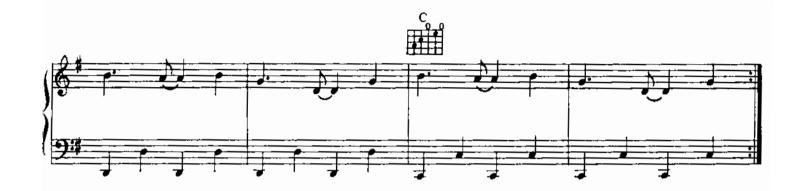


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I never will forget those nights. I wonder if it was a dream.
 Remember how you made me crazy? Remember how I made you scream?
 Now I don't understand what happened to our love.
 But babe, I'm gonna get you back. I'm gonna show you what I'm made of.

I can see you, your brown skin shinin' in the sun.

I see you walkin' real slow and you're smilin' at everyone.

I can tell you my love for you will still be strong

After the boys of summer have gone.

3. Out on the road today I saw a "Deadhead" sticker on a Cadillac. A little voice inside my head said, "Don't look back. You can never look back." I thought I knew what love was. What did I know? Those days are gone forever. I should just let 'em go, but

I can see you, your brown skin shinin' in the sun. You got that top pulled down and that radio on, baby. And I can tell you my love for you will still be strong After the boys of summer have gone.

I can see you, your brown skin shinin' in the sun. You got that hair slicked back and those Wayfarers on, baby. I can tell you my love for you will still be strong After the boys of summer have gone.

ALL SHE WANTS TO DO IS DANCE















NOT ENOUGH LOVE IN THE WORLD

Words and Music by DON HENLEY, DANNY KORTCHMAR and BEN TENCH









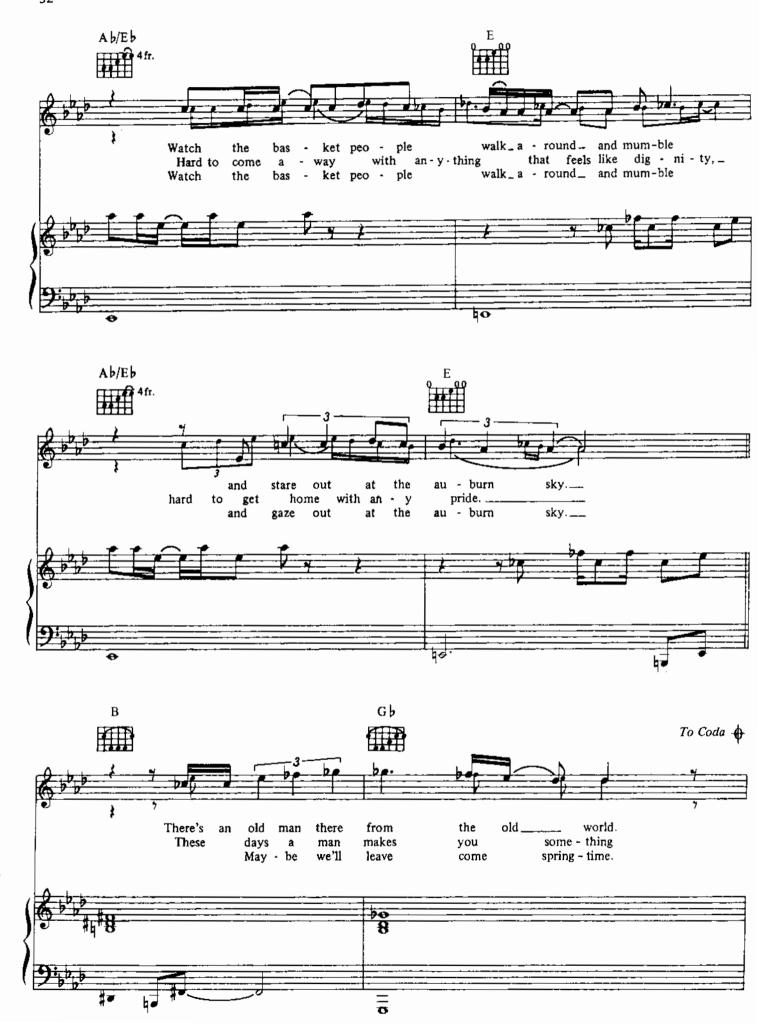


SUNSET GRILL

Words and Music by DON HENLEY, DANNY KORTCHMAR and BEN TENCH



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THE END OF THE INNOCENCE

Words and Music by DON HENLEY and B.R. HORNSBY















THE LAST WORTHLESS EVENING













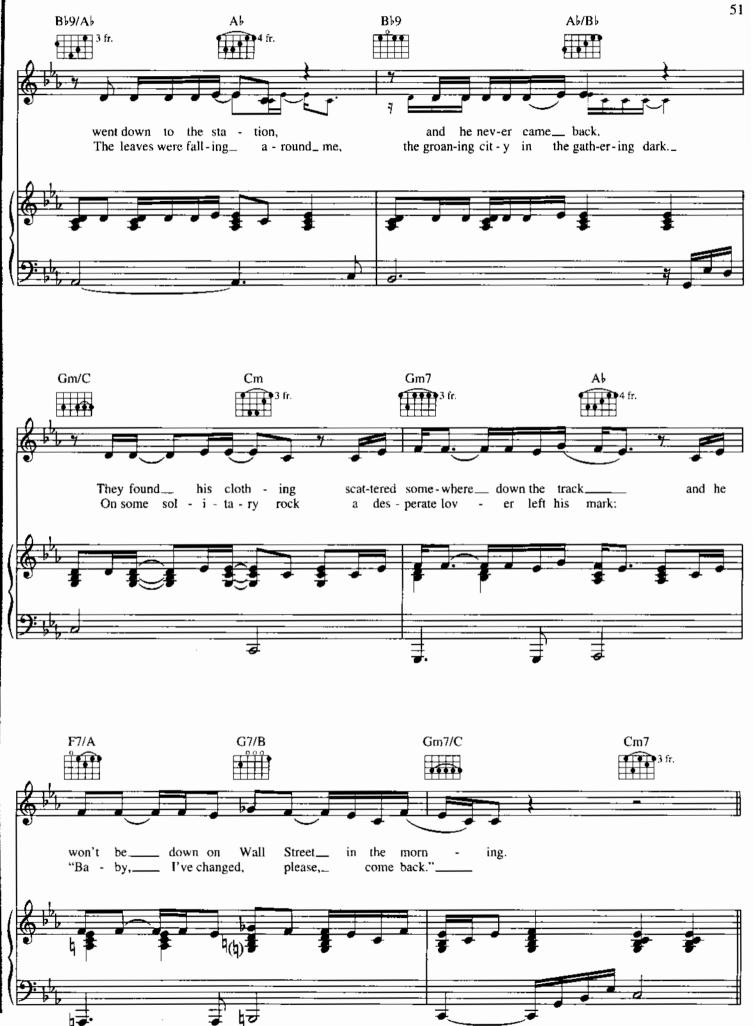


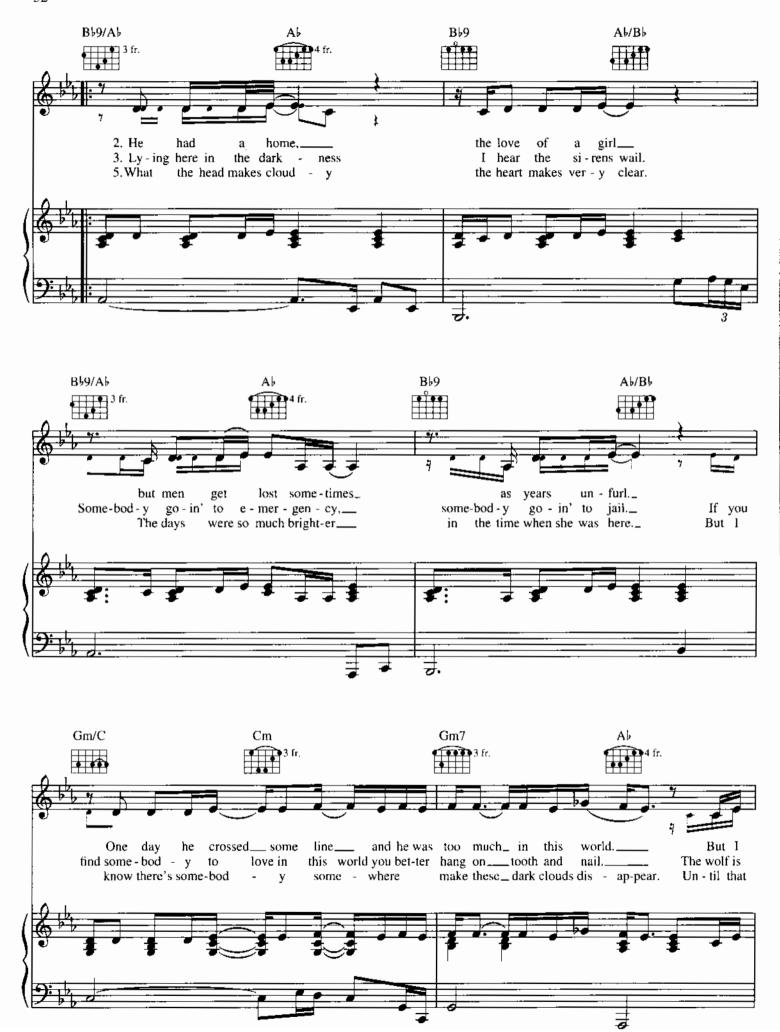
NEW YORK MINUTE

Words and Music by DON HENLEY, DANNY KORTCHMAR and JAI WINDING







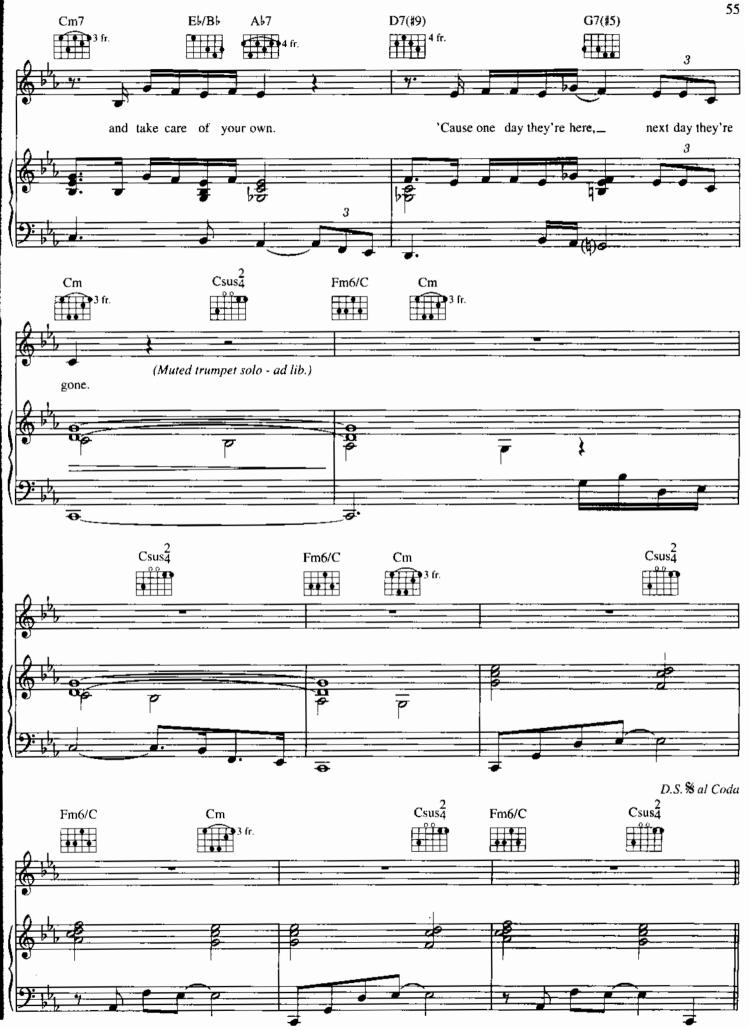






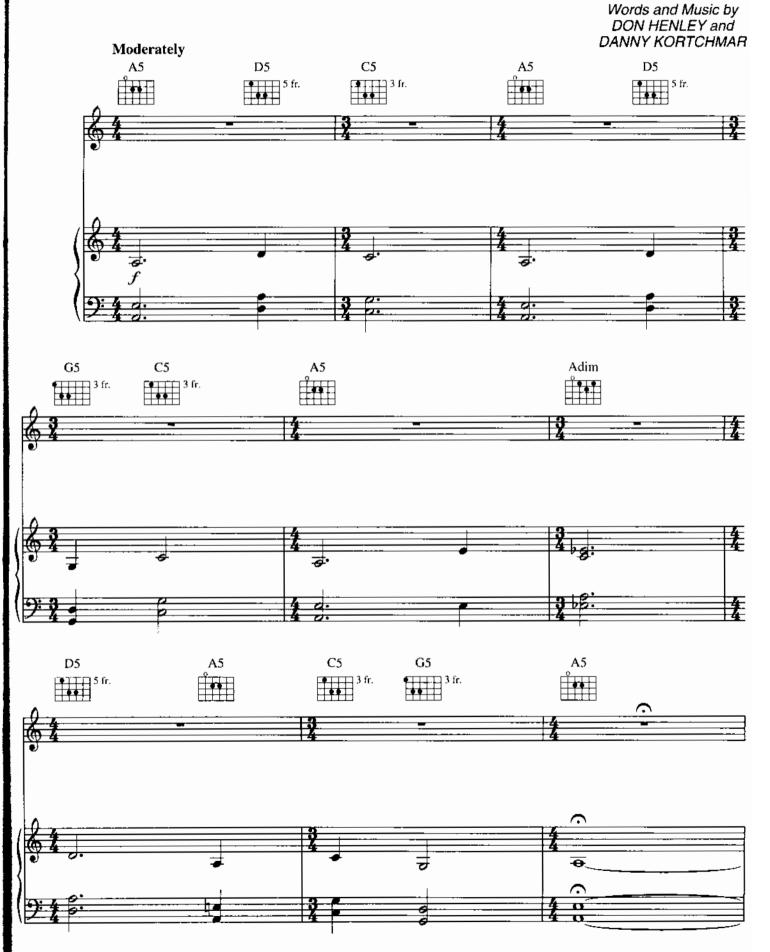








I WILL NOT GO QUIETLY

















THE HEART OF THE MATTER













Additional Lyrics

Verse 2: These times are so uncertain
There's a yearning undefined
... people filled with rage
We all need a little tenderness
How can love survive in such a graceless age?
The trust and self-assurance that lead to happiness
They're the very things we kill, I guess
Pride and competition
cannot fill these empty arms
And the work I put between us
doesn't keep me warm

Chorus 2: I'm learning to live without you now
But I miss you, baby
The more I know, the less I understand
All the things I thought I'd figured out
I have to learn again
I've been trying to get down
to the heart of the matter
But everything changes
and my friends seem to scatter
But I think it's about forgiveness
Forgiveness
Even if, even if you don't love me anymore.

THE GARDEN OF ALLAH

Words and Music by DON HENLEY, STAN LYNCH, JOHN COREY and PAUL GURIAN



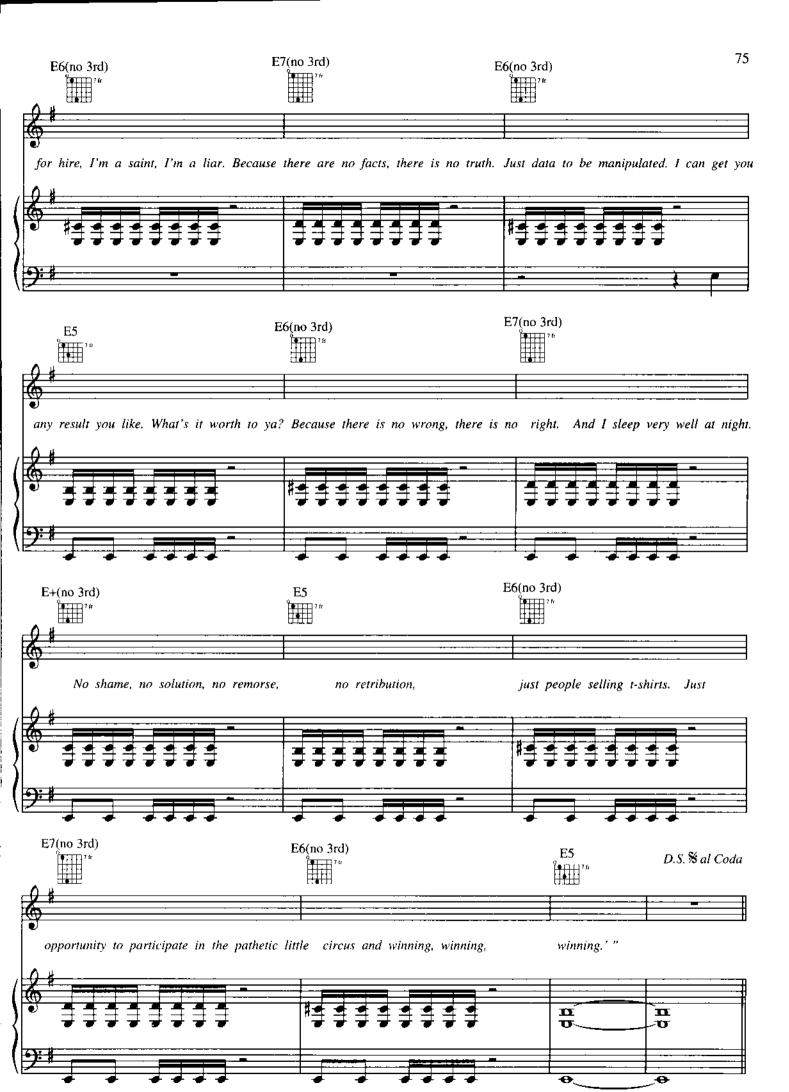
















Verse 2:

(Spoken:) "Nice car......

I love those Bavarians.....so meticulous.

Y'know, I remember a time when things were a lot more Fun around here.

When good was good, and evil was evil.

Before things got so......fuzzy.

Yeah, I was once a golden boy like you.

I was summoned to the halls of power in the heavenly court And I dined with the deities who looked upon me with favor For my talents; my creativity.

We sat beneath the palms in the warm afternoons And drank the wine with Fitzgerald and Huxley.

They pawned a biting phrase
From tongues hot with blood
And drained their pens of bitter ink,
Vainly reaching for the bottle full of empty Edens,
Branded specially for the ones
Who had come with great expectations
To the perfumed halls of Allah
For their time in the sun.

(Sung:) We were stokin' the fires And oilin' up the machinery Until the gods found out we had ideas of our own."

And the war was coming, The earth was shaking. And there was no more room In the Garden of Allah. Verse 3: (Instrumental)

It was a pretty big year for predators,

The marketplace was on a roll.

And the land of opportunity

Spawned a whole new breed of men without souls.

This year, notoriety got all confused with fame.

And the devil is downhearted

Because there's nothing left for him to claim.

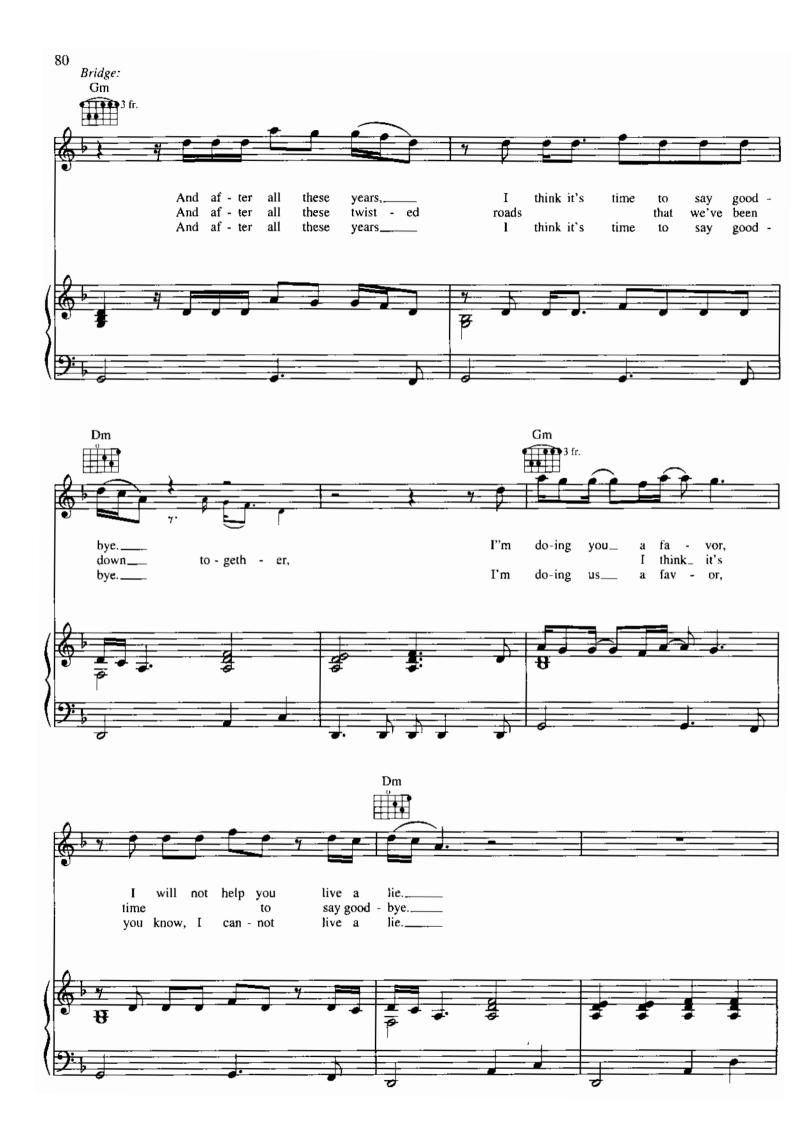
He said, "It's just like home It's so low-down I can't stand it. I guess my work around here has all been done."

And the fruit is rotten, The serpent's eyes shine As he wraps around the vine In the Garden of Allah.

YOU DON'T KNOW ME AT ALL





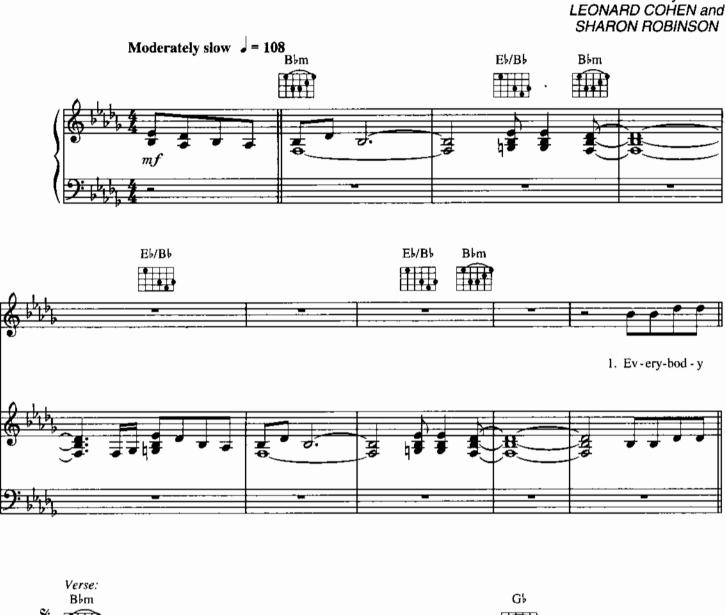


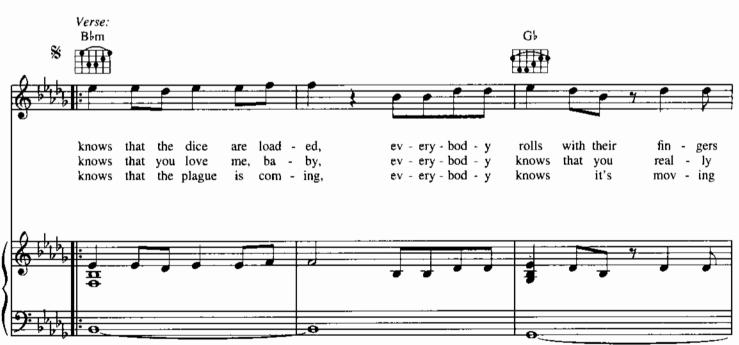


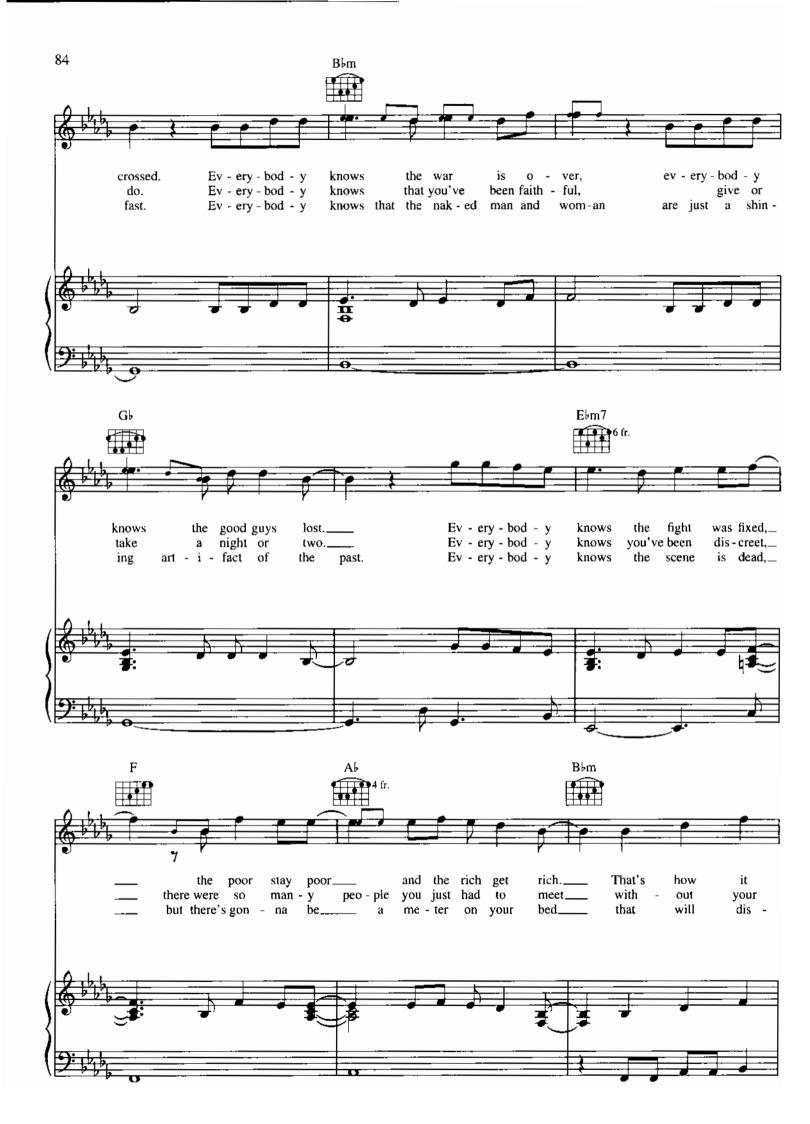


EVERYBODY KNOWS

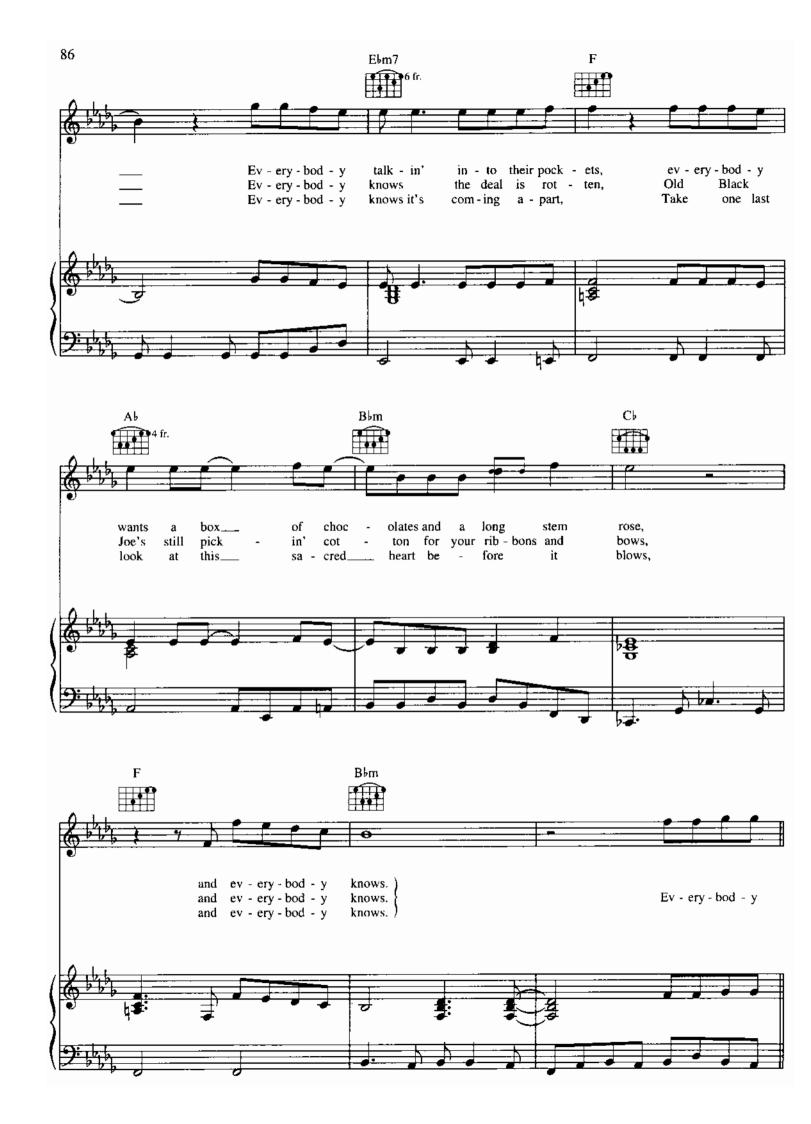
Written by





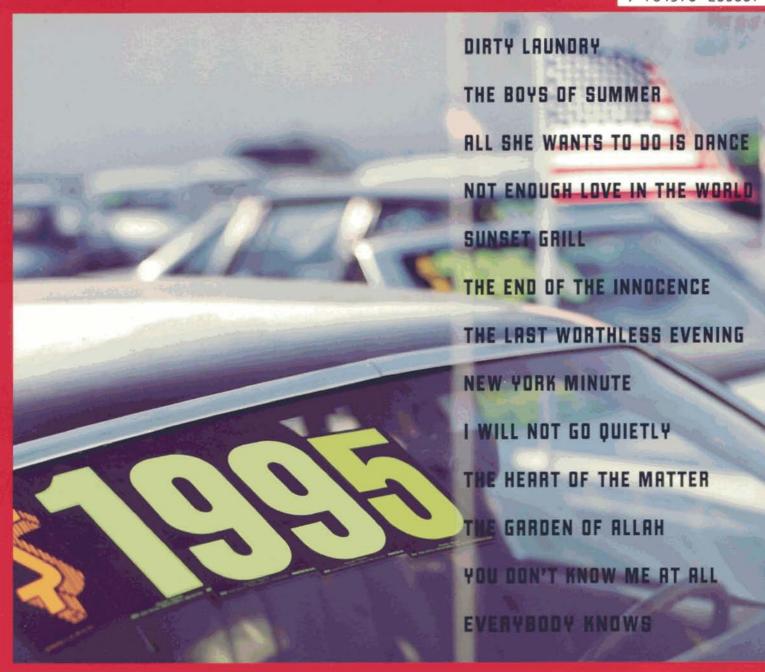


















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